

Country Store Debaters Put Administration on Grill

"NOW, BRYAN," remarked Ezra Knight, as he knocked out his pipe on the stove, "Bryan he's a real politician. I believe he's a real politician."

"He's a politician," said Elias Hubbard.

"Well, he does appear to have a leanin' towards the profits—of ye take it in that sense," said Ezra. "But he's a politician—he is ye know."

"Cordin' to my notion," said Uncle Eben, "as he threw some chestnut chunks in the stove, 'politics' is as much a business as 'shameless' an' 'requies' consider'ble more so." A scholar in 'Pol'tics' is like a statesman 'bout as much as one of them there musical critics is like Padroosky."

"Ben plenty o' pol'tics all around in the last two years," suggested Elias, junior partner in Penner & Hubbard. "Congress had to mind its P's an' Q's."

"If you'd been sixteen year in the Wilderness," Elias replied, "synchronously clearing his throat, blowing his nose and crossing his knees, 'a fluent an' convincin' Moses would look good to you. If he could fetch water outen a rock you'd stand fer his clinical theories. I reckon when th' manna began to fall Israel had a high notion o' Moses' orthodoxy, an' when th' sarphunt was raised up in the wilderness they stared hard at it even if it made 'em look cross-eyed. To the hungry soul ev'ry better thing is sweet."

"Trouble is," drawled Ezra Knight, "when a feller's all havin' sudden changes o' conviction, even his own crowd don't know where he's at. Cy Claflin says ye might as well chase a polly-wog with a hay fork or talk logarithms to a sawmill. When ye got him he ain't there."

"Don't wonder he," answered Eben. "But you'll be there when he's got you. That's the cob an' kernel o' the New Freedom. It's a

dummed sight new'n most folks expected, an' not quite so free. So fur it 'pears to be freedom fer one man to change other people's principles as well as his. Worked pretty well in Congress. The convictions o' error there has been mighty common, since the noo gospel o' uplift come in."

"Tis th' eff'ces done it," remarked Colgan. "True statesman, Mike, don't never forget that pol'tics an' pie is fust cousins. Somebody said a man was made holler so's he could swallow his principles. Any man that can't change his mind is an impossible person an' no deservin' demmycrat don't want he that, 'cordin' to my notion."

"I hurred it said," continued Colgan. "Joe Tumulty had a sign in his office 'Change yer mind an' carry home an office fer th' baby,' but I dinnow av it's so."

"Watchful waitin' may be a good dog—he's tame anyway—but pol'tics an' pie is more ex-hilaratin'. Ain't nothin' noo edifyin' than a tableful o' deservin' Demmycrats waitfully watchin' the man with the pie knife. They take the sass that goes with the slice, too. Why like as not the postmaster at Raulett's Corners may be one of the results of the tariff bill. Great oaks grows a lot of mighty small acorns."

SOME DISCUSSION AS TO THE DEMOCRATIC DONKEY.

"This here last Congress done more for the country than any Congress since the war," broke in Jed (otherwise Scrag) Esty aggressively.

"The Demmycrat donkey has sure kep' a-steppin', Scrag, an' he's ben well drove. The whip's ben a-crackin' an' he aint ben over fed. Allers had a bundle o' hay hung in front of his nose, though. That's the way to handle that justly celebrated animal. Don't feed him too much or he'll git to be too big a jackass."

"He's ben hee-hawin' some though," said Ezra.

"Ef he didn't he'd be gittin' too much. 'Doth the wild ass bray when he hath grass?' That's Scripiter, aint it? Course the ship bill didn't git through—there's some things even a donkey can't swallow—'cordin' to my notion."

"Fwhat gits me own goat," says Mike, "is thim goin' 'round sayin' there's no hard times. Is it jokin' they are? Can't they see thim?"

"O! Bill Castle," said Eben, opening the stove door to inspect the fire, and closing it hastily as the flames leaped out—"O! Bill Castle, arter one o' his spees, uster have mighty bad spells—he'd yell 'bout snakes 'n' lizards 'n' green medders 'n' sparklin' brooks that no one else couldn't locate. It was kind o' puzzlin', but he warn't jokin'. He was that sincere you could hear him clear to Brattleboro."

IDEALISM IS ONE FORM OF JIM-JAMS—JUST THAT.

"What's Bill's jim-jams gotter do with hard times?" growled Scrag.

"Wal, Jedidiah," drawled Uncle Eben, "I dunno as 't has a whole lot, but it set me considerin'. Ye know what an Idealist is. Wal, he's a feller that b'lieves th' only real things is in his own mind. There aint nothin' real outside. Now that sure does describe Bill at them times an' I've 'bout concluded that Bill was sufferin' fr'm Idealism."

Uncle Eben chuckled and stretched his legs.

"Course 'twas rum that brought it on, Bill. But there's folks gits that way jist on words. Some o' them right here started drinkin' happy thoughts three years ago, an' now they can't tell an' an' epigram fr'm an unpaid tax bill. Ye'd orter know a phrase fr'm a fact, Scrag. As fer epigrams, they might be like an epitaph—read like gospel an' fool ye like a seed cat'log."

"Nothin' like hitchin' yer wagon to a star, Scrag," remarked Ezra grinning.

"Stars is fine things, Scrag," continued Eben, "but fer draft purposes they got too long a

hitch. They're hard in the mouth, too. Takin' yer eggs to market behind a star that's pursooin' the infinite is liable to give ye flat foot of the pants pocket."

"You fellers give me a pain in th' ear," said Scrag, disgustedly. "This feller's too big fer ye—that's it—jist 'cause he takes a big view o' things—like a scholar."

"Wal, somebody says a German kin know all about a thing without understandin' it. Now, 'cordin' to my notions, a scholar in

pol'tics c'n understand a thing without knowin' nothin' about it. You take a tariff, or a shippin' bill, or a bankin' bill—does he want man'facturers or ship men or bankers to tell him? Hump. He'll tell them. He kin wisen up the whole crowd on everything from pig iron to pain killer. He could lecture to a family o' wildcats on tree climbin'. Now that must be a pleasant state o' mind."

"Call that eggo-tism, don't they?" asked Ezra.

"Seen P'fessor Ramsy up to Rutland last

week, and he says to me: 'Eben,' he says, 'seems to me that the keynote up to Washin'ton is eggo-ism.' 'Allers heard it called eggo-tism, P'fessor, I says, 'aint they thee same?' 'Eben,' says he, 'an eggo-tist thinks he's the big noise, but an eggoist, he says, stoppin' a minute, an' his eyes twinklin', an' eggoist thinks he's the harmony of the spheres in a universe o' silences.' Then he smiled."

"Will he take another term, think ye?" asked Colgan.

"Did ye notice what he said in acceptin' the nomination—'Our platform is not a program.' Now what does that mean?"

"It sounds like—I dinnow what," answered Colgan perplexedly.

IN CASE OF A CALL, THE STRAIN WON'T BE GREAT.

"It does so, Mike. It sounds so much like it ye couldn't tell 'em apart. But you'll see light some day. Congressman Palmer says the President Elect writ a letter 'soon as the 'lecshun was over admittin' that he warn't bound by no one-term plank. I reckon if the country wants to call, it won't hev to strain its throat none."

"Would he win out—I dinnow?" asked Mike.

"Wal, last 'lecshun went mostly on prophecy. There wouldn't be no hard times an' livin' would be cheap an' Congress would be economical, an' rev-noos would be big—an' so on. There was a lot more but I jest seem to reckon them. Now we've had smooth prophecies an' we got the results b'fore us. Without burnt cats is considerable fonder of the fire than folks think, the next campaign will run more to hist'ry than prophecy. We'll see."

"Seems to me, Eben, you're rockin' the boat," remarked Elias.

"Shouldn't like to do that—shouldn't like to do that—specially when the sailin' 's so smooth an' pleasant. But I reckon I aint much of a sailor. Even in such smooth water I sometimes get a little seasick. Ye need an endurin' stummick to sail on some craft. They're kind o' crank an' 'perduces dyspepsy."

"But when it comes to 1916 I rather think the country will check up on some o' these prophecies an' so on."

"An' 'tain't everyone likes to be weighed on his own scales."

William Orpen Fattens the British War Fund with His Ready Brush

By CLARA J. MAC CHESNEY.

ANY are the methods used by the generous and the tender hearted to lessen the suffering and provide for the needs of the victims of the war. Among the English artists who remained at home many gave their pictures to be sold for the British war fund. Others are orderlies in hospitals, or serving all day among the Belgian refugees. But William Orpen, the celebrated portrait painter from Dublin, has chosen an unusual method of helping.

He has been painting portraits for the low figure of \$250 (as the rumor goes), and turning the proceeds into the general exchequer.

He has no doubt many are embracing this rare opportunity of possessing a picture from Mr. Orpen's brush. War and all rumors of war were far from my thoughts when I marched through the winding streets of Pitt-nev one sunny morning last summer for Mr.

having white walls and a large side window, and is not a legitimate studio, so-called. The window was screened at the bottom by the same green shutters seen in his self-portrait bought by the Metropolitan Museum. This picture shows his reflection in a long mirror, various bottles and syphons on the floor in front, and his figure standing with hat on, cane in hand, the other hand in his pocket, with the shutters forming a horizontal-lined background.

He flung himself into an easy chair and lighted a cigarette, his manner plainly indicating: Now, go ahead.

A lithe, active, smooth faced little man he is, with a merry twinkle in his eye, no perceptible brogue and a great sense of humor.

"What a gorgeous old bed!" I said as I opened my notebook. "Do tell me about it. I recognize it, for I saw it in one of the interiors shown in your New York exhibition."

"I don't know whether that is an original or a

spent a long time in Madrid, soaking in Velasquez. Yes, that's a great spot, the Prado."

"What do you think of the Cubists and their kind?" I asked.

"I think they do a great deal of good," he did not hesitate to reply. "I welcome any new movement; it wakes up the people. Gets the artists out of ruts. Limbers them up. I thoroughly believe in them."

He always spoke in short sentences and in a jerky manner—and here dashed the never walked behind the big screen back of his model stand, where stood an old spinnet. On this was placed an assortment of bottles, glasses and syphons, from which he refreshed himself.

"No, don't know Matisse, nor his friends. Just met them," he said, reappearing, and added pathetically, "Did you ever have such a cold?"

I was duly sympathetic, and after advising remedies I said: "But I see no traces of this new vitalizing movement in the present academy exhibition. There is a marked effect on our work at home, and to its great improvement."

two black satin cloaks. The long mirror seen in the self portrait already referred to and an easel or two completed his painting equipment. His palette contained the ordinary amount of colors and was clean, unlike Matisse's, which was a disordered mass of vivid pigments. The room was an orderly workshop.

When he ran back, breathless and apologetic, I asked him what he liked best to paint.

"Subject pictures," he answered quickly, and I here recalled how many times he had painted himself in various characters, and generally out of doors.

"The Dead Ptarmigan," which he considers his best canvas as to technique, shows him as a hunter, holding up a dead bird he has just shot, a gun being held in the other hand.

"But why did you make yourself look so fierce?" I said as I examined the photograph of it.

"Oh," he said, looking up at me with a lamb-like expression, "that's the way I want to look!"

THERE WERE MANY SITTERS WHO DIDN'T WANT LIKENESSES.

"Sargent and I painted the same people here (giving their names), and they didn't like anything we did. They are lovely people, but they don't want likenesses. I had two portraits of one of them in my New York exhibition. And," he went on with evident enjoyment, "they are beginning to like mine now! And we both did all of the Wertheimers. They were splendid to paint, and they were satisfied with all the portraits we did of them." And here we recalled and discussed the magnificent Sargent portrait of Mr. Wertheimer shown in the Paris Exposition of 1900, in which the black poodle is so prominent.

"Have you anything in the Tate Gallery?"

"One, 'The Mirror,' which was presented six months ago. I also have a picture of myself in the Carnegie Institute, in Pittsburgh. I have one in Chicago and, I am not sure, but I think I have one in Cincinnati, and in several other cities in the States. And I have one in the Luxembourg Museum, in Paris. Mr. Edmund Davis's offer of three pictures by Englishmen to the Tate Gallery was refused two years ago, so he is now presenting thirty canvases to the French Museum, and is building on an addition to the gallery for that purpose. Mine is one of the thirty."

"Those figures of women and children on the cliffs bathed in soft, misty sunlight, which you showed in your New York exhibition were among your best pictures," I said.

"Oh, those," attacking another cigarette, "I do on my holidays, and they are of my poor wife."

"Why poor?" I asked anxiously. And then he announced an interesting event which had just taken place in his family.

"Yes, William Yeats and Lady Gregory have done much to revive Irish literature," changing the subject.

"I am a friend of all the players in the Irish Company," and here he held up a water color drawing of a man's figure. "This is of the principal character of 'The Playboy of the Western World.'"

"Then you know George Moore, of course," I said, my thoughts running to that author's remarks on Lady Gregory and Yeats in his "Hail and Farewell."

"Yes, and he's one of the best writers of English we have. He's a big man. We were great friends once. But now—shortly—We are bitter enemies. It's too long a story to tell." Here he paused a moment and was buried in thought. Then he suddenly turned to his portfolio, which was filled with reproductions of his many pictures (for he is an astonishingly prolific workman), and brought out a series of very interesting drawings and water colors; these, in single figures and in groups, were preliminaries for an important picture which is in embryo, and which he calls "The Irish Wedding."

The drawings were most carefully executed in pencil. The water colors were flat washes, merely giving the color notes.

During the discussion which followed he said: "I have never etched and I have never touched pastels. I was told they were too difficult. I work only in oils and water colors. In composing a picture I build it up gradually. I make many careful preliminary studies, both in pencil and water color. No, I do not make a plan of the whole—only of its parts—and then I put it together. I have no background yet for the 'Wedding.' Sargent, you may know, never makes a drawing first."

"Suppose," I said, while admiring and examining these studies, "the picture doesn't happen to go, what do you do—give it up?"

TIME FLIES.

She was a nice girl, with a liking for the rugged old salts in blue jerseys and big beards who hawked haddocks around the houses of Eatonville-by-the-Sea. Many a talk she did have with them, and many stories did she hear about wild nights at sea in lonely fishing smacks; of great eels that came up in the nets and gnashed their teeth. And tales of war too! For some of those old salts had seen service in foreign parts. Old Tom Ready was a great favorite of hers. He had a quiet way of telling stories that appealed to her. The ring of truth was in everything he said.

"Yes," he was saying, "poor old 'Oratie Nelson! Just before he died of larin' in the Bay of Biscay 'e gave me this 'ere very telescope—give it me with 'is own 'ands, 'e did, and a good 'un it is, too, missie."

"Nelson? Why, Tom, he's been dead for more than a hundred years!"

"As 'e, reely, missie!" said old Tom, in gentle surprise. "Deary me—deary me! 'Ow the time do fly, to be sure!"

THE FLOWER OF THE GORSE

Continued from sixth page.

way during two decades. A precisely similar will was executed in the name of "Stella Carmac."

Bennett had not erred in his judgment. The pneumonia developed a high temperature that night, and Yvonne's mother died without recovering consciousness. She was buried at Nizon. To silence gossip, and by her husband's emphatic wish, she was described on the monument erected to her memory and to that of Walter Carmac as "Stella, wife of the above named Walter Carmac, and formerly known as Stella Ingersoll."

The lawyer's extraordinary haste and anxiety with regard to the two wills was explained after the funeral.

"I have always had reason to believe that the validity of the marriage might be questioned," he said, when he had drawn Ingersoll, Yvonne and Tollemache into the privacy of the studio. "When Mr. Carmac executed the will which may now, under advice, be set aside, he caused two copies to be made with blank spaces for names and dates. A few days later he lodged a sealed envelope with me and another with his bankers, and each bore the superscription:

"This document is to be kept always in its present condition, and never opened unless my wife's succession to my estate shall be disputed. In that event the document must be produced and acted on."

"I broke the seal yesterday, soon after Mr. Ingersoll's telegram came to hand, and was not surprised to find a will, properly filled in, signed and attested, leaving Carmac's estate to 'Stella Ingersoll, formerly wife of John Ingersoll, artist, at one time resident in the Rue Blanche, Paris,' and dated subsequently to that already in existence. So, you see, all these tragic happenings might have been averted. Rupert Fosdyke could never have touched a penny of his uncle's money beyond the provision made for him in both wills."

But a white-faced girl looked at her father, and their eyes met, and each knew that a Power not to be controlled by any human agency had brought about the horrors that had agitated their beloved village during that memorable month.

And when the clouds disappeared and the sun shone on a Brittany pink with apple blossoms, Yvonne herself had to ask that absurd fellow Lorry whether or not he really wanted to marry her, because he was hanging back shamefacedly, for no better reason apparently than the ridiculous one that he had no right to woo and wed a

girl so rich as she. At least, if she didn't exactly say "Will you marry me?" she did the next thing to it by telling him that she and her father had decided to regard themselves merely as trustees of the Carmac millions for the benefit of their fellows. They would touch little, if any, of the money for personal needs. The notion was thoroughly distasteful to both, and they would help each other to find the best and wisest means of getting rid of the incubus.

"So, you see, Lorry, with the exception of some of my mother's jewelry, which I know she would wish me to keep and wear, I shall be quite poor," said Yvonne demurely.

That settled matters completely. They were in a secluded part of the Bois d'Amour. How could locality be better named? The wedding took place before the summer, and they roamed through Switzerland in June.

Madeline? Madeline is a certified nurse in a big Paris hospital, very smart in her nice uniform and thoroughly devoted to her profession.

Peridot? What French jury would convict Peridot of murder when his story was told. His advocate almost moved the judge to righteous indignation against the iniquitous Fosdyke, and Peridot was let off with a light sentence. He came back to Pont Aven, was received with open arms by the village and sailed away in his own vague to pursue the elusive sardine. Last year he married little Barbe. So Mere Pitou's views anent fishermen as husbands must have been modified by Peridot's ownership of a fine boat and good money invested in French rents.

Pont Aven, save for the riotous month of August, is still unchanged. A new house springs up here and there, and rumor has it that sometime soon, maybe when the gorse is in flower next summer, a new launch will replace the old one which has to be coaxed daily to Port Manech and back during the season.

But that is all—nothing to make a song about. Mademoiselle Julia, ever busy, growing younger each year, still cracks jokes and encourages art; though, to be sure, her opinion of cubism and futurist pictures is distinctly unfavorable to both forms of excess. She is always ready with a smile and the right word. If, for instance, any one asks her if she knew Yvonne and Ingersoll and Lorry and where Mere Pitou's cottage stands, you should see the way she jerks her head on one side and hear her rattle out, with a merry twinkle in her eyes:

"Qu'est-ce que tu veux que je te dise, moi?"

THE END.



"Lady Rocksavage," by William Orpen.



"The Irish Volunteer," by William Orpen.

Orpen's studio. I finally turned down a shady lane called South Bolton Gardens.

At the head stands a large early Victorian house, well immersed in shrubbery, much shaded by trees and all encircled by a high wall.

I should have passed it by, as this typical English dwelling has thousands of duplicates in London, had I not noticed over the gate a round blue and white tablet with these words inscribed: "Here lived Jenny Lind—1820-1887."

"A truly interesting neighborhood," I said to myself; then I hastened down the lane to keep my appointment with Mr. Orpen. I passed a series of walled-in gardens and secluded houses, and the most walled-in and secluded, at the end of the row, is the retreat of William Orpen, the Dublin portrait and genre painter.

I saw a small young man, hat and cane in hand, hurrying up the stairs ahead of me, and as he turned I recognized him.

"I have an awful cold," he said right off. "Just got up. No; haven't read your note"—as he ushered me into his studio.

copy, but it was used by Angelica Kauffman when she lived with the La Touches. It was bought at a sale ten years ago and then given to me. She is supposed to have painted some of the panels. I (with a laugh) painted a much better bed from it, on a smaller scale. I only painted the figures; some one else did the decorative panels."

The bed is a huge four-poster, having a green canopy and curtains, the posts and head and foot boards being of a dull yellow, abundantly decorated with figures and garlands of fruit and flowers—a very beautiful and unusual piece of furniture of that kind. An elaborate embroidered spread covered it and magnificent cushions took the place of pillows.

"No, I don't know any artists in America," he replied to my inquiry, while being vigorously occupied with his cold. "But they want me to come over and make my first visit, but I am sure (with a laugh) I'd have too good a time. I am afraid of your cocktails. Besides, I am full up with portrait orders for years ahead, so would find it difficult to get away."

In answer to my question he said: "I studied in Dublin and for two years in the Slade School here. I also made some copies in the National Gallery in Dublin, never in any of the galleries here. No, I've never studied abroad. But I've

"No, the academy is very stogy. It won't die off. It will never improve."

"But you always exhibit there," I remarked.

"Yes, a member must exhibit. It isn't considered good form if he doesn't. We have a good school of English painting to-day. Better than ever."

"Who are the leaders?" I asked.

"Augustus John," he replied without hesitation. "He's at the head of it. No artist can etch and draw as he can. We are old friends, and we went to the Slade School at the same time. We ran a school for art students afterward." Reflectively: "He's only a year older than I am."

"But looks much older," I added.

"He's a great man; has a fine decoration in his studio now."

"And who are the others in this school?" I asked.

"Oh, there are none!" Here he was called out of the room to answer the telephone. I then looked around and noted, besides the enormous bed, which was placed on steps, a few good pieces of furniture, several fine rugs, a superb tapestry on one wall, an old rug on the wall opposite, but no pictures and no studies. There were no pieces of bric-a-brac, nor of brass or copper, scattered about. A huge four-leaved screen was placed behind the throne, on which were thrown